

Universal Soldier

He's five foot two and he's six foot four
He fights with missiles and with spears
He's all of 31 and he's only 17
He's been a soldier for a thousand years

He's a Catholic, a Hindu, an atheist a Jain, a Buddhist, and a Baptist and a Jew
And he knows he shouldn't kill and he knows he always will
Kill you for me, my friend, and me for you

He's fighting for Canada. He's fighting for France. He's fighting for the USA
and he's fighting for the Russians and he's fighting for Japan
And he thinks he'll put an end to war this way

He's fighting for democracy, he's fighting for the Reds
He's says it's for the peace of all
He's the one who must decide who's to live and who's to die
And he never sees the writing on the wall

But without him how would Hitler have condemned him at Dachau
Without him Caesar would have stood alone.
He's the one who gives his body as a weapon to a war
And without him all this killing can't go on

He's the universal soldier and he is really is to blame
But his orders come from far away no more
They come from him and you and me
and Brothers, can't you see
this is not the way to put an end to war?

Buffy Sainte-Marie

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Masters of War

Come you masters of war
 You that build all the guns
 You that build the death planes
 You that build the big bombs
 You that hide behind walls
 You that hide behind desks
 I just want you to know
 I can see through your masks

You that never done nothin'
 But build to destroy
 You play with my world
 Like it's your little toy
 You put a gun in my hand
 And you hide from my eyes
 And you turn and run farther
 When the fast bullets fly

Like Judas of old
 You lie and deceive
 A world war can be won
 You want me to believe
 But I see through your eyes
 And I see through your brain
 Like I see through the water
 That runs down my drain

You fasten the triggers
 For the others to fire
 Then you set back and watch
 When the death count gets higher
 You hide in your mansion
 As young people's blood
 Flows out of their bodies
 And is buried in the mud

You've thrown the worst fear
 That can ever be hurled
 Fear to bring children
 Into the world
 For threatening my baby

Unborn and unnamed
 You ain't worth the blood
 That runs in your veins

How much do I know
 To talk out of turn
 You might say that I'm young
 You might say I'm unlearned
 But there's one thing I know
 Though I'm younger than you
 Even Jesus would never
 Forgive what you do

Let me ask you one question
 Is your money that good
 Will it buy you forgiveness
 Do you think that it could
 I think you will find
 When your death takes its toll
 All the money you made
 Will never buy back your soul

And I hope that you die
 And your death'll come soon
 I will follow your casket
 In the pale afternoon
 And I'll watch while you're lowered
 Down to your deathbed
 And I'll stand o'er your grave
 'Til I'm sure that you're dead

Bob Dylan

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